

# THE GETTYSBURG TIMES.

When you Advertise make the Paper Show what Circulation You are Getting.

Vol X. No. 232

Gettysburg, Pa. Wednesday July 17 1912

Price Two Cents

## A Full Dollars Worth of Shirt Value

In The "MONARCH" SHIRTS  
Shown In The Corner Window.

Beautiful Patterns—New French  
Cuffs—Collars to Match.

## ECKERT'S STORE

"On The Square"

## WIZARD THEATRE

Pathé

Melies

Lubin

A Gay Time In Jacksonville, Florida - - Comedy

The Ghost Of Sulphur Mountains - - Western Drama

The Fisherman's Love Story - - Drama

(Coming Soon) Kitty and Jack Martin the famous Juvenile Sketch Artists, "A COWBOYS' ROUNDUP." Breaking all records in vaudeville.

## Cooling Comfort-

these warm days and evenings at

**Huber's Drug Store.**

Phosphates, Iced Drinks  
and Sundaes,

Cool you off just wonderfully.

FRANK TREICHLER, Ph. G., Manager.

## NEW PHOTOPLAY

Biograph

Essanay

Selig

Just Like A Woman - - Biograph

The Devil, The Servant and The Man - - Selig

Sam Simpkin's Sleuth - - Essanay Comedy

REMEMBER that we have that Mirror Screen, the large plate glass, curtain which brings out the picture so much brighter and does not hurt the eye.

## THE QUALITY SHOP

Reductions on all Summer Suitings, Straw Hats,  
Wash Ties and other Summer Wear.

**WILL M. SELIGMAN,**

HABERDASHER

TAILOR

## THOMAS BROTHERS

On The Square For A Square Deal.

On SATURDAY, JULY 20th, the National Biscuit man will be at our store giving away samples of their Cakes, Crackers and explaining why they are the best.

Our JULY CLEARANCE SALE is now going on—giving you the advantage of many bargains.

**THOMAS BROTHERS**

BIGLERVILLE.

**BUYERS**  
of Early Apples, Chickens and all kinds of Produce.

When selling to us, you receive cash and run no risk of fruit spoiling and getting nothing. Highest market price paid at all times.

Rice Brothers' Produce Co., Biglerville.

## Hot Weather Specials

**Ice Cream Freezers**  
It's cheaper to make ice cream than to buy it, when you can buy Freezers at our prices.

**North Pole Freezers**  
1 quart size \$1.00, 2 quart \$1.25.

**White Mountain Freezers**  
In all sizes.

**Water Coolers**

Zinc-lined and Stone Jars, in several sizes, specially low prices.

**Hammocks**

From 75¢ to \$7.00. Take one along on your camping or vacation trip.

CROQUET SETS from \$1.00 to \$2.50.

**Gettysburg Department Store**



REAL hot weather comfort for the feet is the new idea hose ladies and gentlemen, 12 cents to 25 cents per yard. Dougherty and Hartley.

FOR SALE: a three seated Dayton wagon in good condition. Apply 124 North Stratton street.

THE popular suiting material, white corduroy, 25 and 35 cents per yard. Dougherty and Hartley.

PREACHING SERVICE

There will be preaching in the United Brethren church, Biglerville, Thursday evening, July 18, at 8 o'clock. Everybody welcome.

REAL hot weather comfort for the feet is the new idea hose ladies and gentlemen, 12 cents to 25 cents per pair. Dougherty and Hartley.

TO DESTROY 2,000 CARS

The Western Maryland Railroad has been collecting old cars at their yards at Hagerstown. The parts that can be of use will be removed and the refuse dumped along the road and burned. In all there will be 2,000 cars destroyed.

GEORGE INGLEBERT

George Ingelbert died at eight o'clock this morning at his home on Seminary Ridge at the age of 77 years, 4 months and 13 days.

Mr. Ingelbert had lived on Seminary Ridge for a long time and was widely known in Gettysburg. He was a veteran of the Civil War.

Surviving are his wife and two daughters, Mrs. Roy Dougherty and Mrs. Tuft, both of Reading.

Funeral notice later.

A FULL stock of sizes of "Our Special" fifty cent corsets. None better for price. Dougherty and Hartley.

GARDEN hose: big bargains in garden hose. All kinds reduced. Adams County Hardware Co.

\$

PROPOSE PARK  
ON BROADWAY

Would Build Twelve Foot Grass Plot

with Flowers and Shrubbery in

Middle of the Street. Extensive

Improvement Planned.

GENERAL ORDER  
FOR ENCAMPMENT

Schedule of Arrival of Various Com-

mands. Regular Army Officers

Assigned to the Camp. Inspec-

tion Dates.

ARRESTED ON  
PERJURY CHARGE

Joseph A. Ocker Held for Dauphin

County Court on Charge of Per-

jury. Outcome of Horse Dealing.

Gave Bail.

PRESBYTERIANS  
LOST TO COLLEGE

College Church Base Ball Team Wins

its First Game by Defeating

Presbyterians. Now Tied for

Fifth Place.

PERSONAL NOTES  
AND BRIEF ITEMS

Paragraphs of News Telling of the

Happenings in and about Town.

People Visiting here and those

Sojourning Elsewhere.

Miss Marian Tuthill has returned to

Jersey City after a visit at the home

of Mr. and Mrs. J. Donald Swope.

Miss Gertrude Schultz has returned

to Winona, New Jersey, after spending

several days with Miss Margaret

Schrivier.

William Lott has returned to New

York after a visit of several weeks

at the home of his parents along Marsh

Creek.

Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Heathcote, of

Philadelphia, are spending some time

at the home of Mr. Heathcote's parents,

on Buford street.

Miss Lillie Steinour and guests spent

the day at Pen Mar.

Miss Mary Grove, of Philadelphia,

is spending three weeks' vacation with

her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George J.

Grove.

Rev. Robert E. Peterman, of Mc-

Connellsburg, is visiting friends in

town for several days.

Charles Scott, of Bellefonte, is

visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs.

J. L. Butt, on Carlisle street.

Harry J. Riley of Lindenwood III.,

is spending some time with relatives

in town.

Rev. J. B. Baker delivered an address

at the fifth annual reunion of the Luth-

erans of Frederick County held at

Braddock Heights today. His subject

was "The Eternal Present."

Henry P. Barbehem will celebrate

his eighty sixth birthday on Friday,

July 19.

Roy E. Zinn, of Hanover street, is

spending several days with relatives in

Hanover.

Agnew Thomas, who has been spend-

ing several days with his mother on

York street, returned to New York this

morning.

Mrs. Norman Hoke, of Philadelphia,

is spending some time at the home of

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hoke on West High

street.

IDAVILLE

Idaville, July 17—Preaching ser-

vice will be held in the United Breth-

ren church Sunday evening.

J. Livingston Crist, of Philadelphia,

is spending his vacation at his home

in this place.

Mrs. Martha McKinney and Mrs.

Etta Sidesinger spent Saturday in

Carlisle.

Miss Matilda Slaybaugh is ill at

the home of C. E. Lawyer.

Mrs. Edna Poff and children, Anna

and John, returned to their home in

Laudisville, Lancaster county, after

spending the past few weeks with

friends here.

Mrs. Lovina C. Gruppe and daughter,

Ethel, visited friends at Rose-

garden over Sunday.

Miss Elizabeth Saul returned to her

home in Steelton after spending a few

weeks with friends here.

Mrs. George Gruppe spent a few

days recently with friends in Steelton.

HELD UP ON PARR'S HILL

A daring highway robbery was

committed about midnight Saturday,

# THE GETTYSBURG TIMES

PUBLISHED DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY  
Times and News Publishing Company

W. LAVERE HAFFER, President  
Secretary and Treasurer.

PHILIP R. BIKLE,  
President.

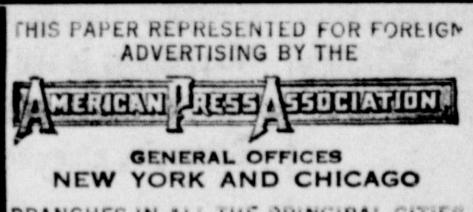
PHILIP R. BIKLE, Editor.

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BELL PHONE UNITED PHONE  
Office in Northwest corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.



Want ads. 1 cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion. Resolutions of respect, poetry and memorials 1 cent per word.

## TO OUR READERS

The Gettysburg Times takes absolutely no part in politics, being neutral on all such matters. Anything that appears in general news columns, concerning state or national politics, is furnished us by The American Press Association, a concern which gives the same news to Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, or Socialist papers and which is strictly non-partisan.

Our advertising columns are open to all candidates of all parties.

## WATCH OUR WINDOWS

Store closed at 6 P. M. except SATURDAYS.

## C. B. KITZMILLER.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

This is to inform my patrons and the public, that on account of the growth and increase in the produce business department, and distribution of spraying material; I am unable, at least at the present time, to handle any WHEAT at my warehouse, but will continue the feed and other grain department same as usual.

**Z. J. PETERS,**  
GUERNSEY, PA.

## JOB WORK

The TIMES printing plant is in position to do job work on short notice during the dull season of the next few weeks.

Orders for LETTER-HEADS, ENVELOPES, BILLHEADS can be done promptly.

If you have a larger job, bring it in and let us quote a price.

We do any kind of printing  
Do it satisfactorily or you  
don't pay for it.

## FOR SALE

30 acre Fruit Farm for sale,  
7 acres of heavy timber,  
good buildings.

Apply to O. A. McCans,  
BIGLERVILLE.

## SAYS SON ADMITS KILLING GIRL

Lad Indicted For Murder on Father's Testimony.

## WILL SOON BE ARRESTED

Aged Man Declares He Told Son to Commit Suicide, and Believes He Did.

New York, July 17.—Samuel Swartz, father of Nathan Swartz, the young man wanted by the police in connection with the murder of the child, Julia Connors, in the Bronx, last week, acknowledged in a statement made to Assistant District Attorney Nott that his son had confessed to him that he had killed the child, and that he had told his son to go out and commit suicide.

The father, in his statement, said he believed that the boy did as he was told.

Mr. Nott summoned the parents of the murdered girl and Mr. and Mrs. Swartz to his office. The torn and stained garments which the girl had worn were spread out on a table, and they caught the eyes of the members of the two families as they entered. Mrs. Connors swooned and her husband broke down, weeping. Mr. Swartz appeared deeply affected, and when a moment later Mr. Nott entered the room, suddenly cried out:

"My son did it. The day after the murder my boy came to me and admitted that he had killed the little Connors girl. I looked at him and then told him that the only thing to do was to go out and commit suicide. I believe he did so."

Upon hearing this statement the assistant district attorney immediately took all present to the grand jury room. Later it was said at the district attorney's office that the police knew where young Swartz was and that they were waiting only for a certified copy of the indictment before placing him under arrest. His whereabouts were not revealed, though it was explained that he was outside the state. His funds are said to have been exhausted, making it impossible for him to continue his flight.

Swartz was indicted by the grand jury. Mrs. Alexander, a married daughter of Mr. Swartz, said that her brother Nathan had also confessed his guilt to her husband and herself on Sunday, and that they had thrown him out of their apartment.

It came out in the grand jury investigation that when Nathan Swartz was convicted of assault in 1910 Justice Steiner had sentenced him with these words: "Young man, if I were in your shoes and bore your reputation I should jump from the top of the tallest building in New York."

Aged Mr. Swartz sat in his chair as if rooted to it. His face became ashen pale. Finally the tears began to flow down his cheeks, and when the heartbroken mother was led from the room he called to Assistant District Attorney Nott, who was presenting the case to the grand jury, and admitted that his son, who had served a prison sentence for an outrageous assault on another child, and who was still on parole for that crime, had admitted to him that he had committed the crime.

Philip Swartz, a brother of Nathan, is said to have told the detectives that the family thought Nathan Swartz had done something wrong the night Julia Connors was killed. They went into the cellar and then searched the back yard, but finding nothing, concluded they were mistaken and retired. He could not tell the detectives just what the family expected to find when they went to the cellar.

## TAFT'S APPOINTMENTS

Carmi Thompson Will Become Charles D. Hilles' Successor.

Washington, July 17.—President Taft will appoint Sherman P. Allen, an assistant secretary at the White House offices, to be assistant secretary of the treasury, succeeding A. Platt Andrew, who recently resigned after a row with Secretary MacVeagh. Mr. Allen was formerly a newspaper man in Washington.

It was said unofficially at the White House that Carmi Thompson, of Ohio, assistant secretary of the interior, will become secretary to the president, succeeding Charles D. Hilles, chairman of the Republican national committee.

L. C. Laylin, of Ohio, is to succeed Mr. Thompson in the interior department, and Granville W. Mooney, former speaker of the Ohio assembly, is slated to succeed Mr. Allen as assistant secretary.

Former Representative Ralph Cole, of Ohio, is slated for legal adviser to the comptroller of the currency.

## 12-Year-Old Boy Drowns While Bathing

Seaford, Del., July 17.—Raymond Lank, the twelve-year-old son of Albert J. Lank, a rural mail carrier, was drowned in Williams lake. In company with several other small boys, Lank was swimming and, although he was not thought to be in more than three feet of water, he disappeared and did not come to the surface again. It is thought he stepped into a deep hole and that his foot caught in some object from which he could not free himself.

Two Men Killed by Black Damp.

Wooster, O., July 17.—Ray Shoup and Dallas Shanklin, farmers of near Mount Eaton, were killed by black damp in an old coal mine. The young men and Van Buren Shoup, father of Ray, sought to clean an old shaft leading to the mine. Shanklin was overcome and the elder Shoup went to his rescue. He, too, was overcome, and the younger Shoup descended and tied rope about his father. Then Ray Shoup, too, succumbed.

## Youth Shoots Another In Girl's Home.

Charleston, W. Va., July 17.—In a jealous quarrel, Roy Williams, aged eighteen, was shot three times and killed. Elbert Stewart, aged twenty-two, his friend, is under arrest, while Bertha Blackburn, eighteen years old, is in a serious condition from shock. The young men got into an argument while calling at the home of Miss Blackburn.

## W.H. DINKLE.

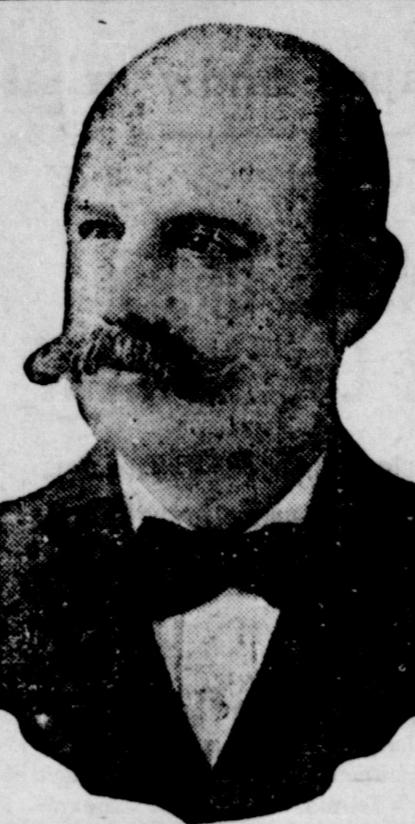
GRADUATE of O PTICS will be at Penrose Myers' Jewelry Store, every Tuesday. Free examination of the eyes.



WHY cook in hot weather when you can get an excellent dinner at Raymond's Auto Kitchen.

BENJAMIN SELLING.

Who Defeated Jonathan Bourne in Oregon Senatorial Primary.



## GAMBLER SLAIN IN THE STREET

Shot in New York by Five Men in Motor.

## SEVERAL SUSPECTS ARRESTED

Herman Rosenthal, Who Accused Police of Graft, Is Murdered Before Charges Could Be Probed.

New York, July 17.—Herman Rosenthal, proprietor of a gambling house at West Forty-fifth street, whose sensational charges that the police were guilty of grafting and oppression were to be investigated by the grand jury, was shot down and killed in front of the Hotel Metropole, on West Forty-third street, by five men, who escaped in a large gray touring car.

Rosenthal was shot four times in the head. He was murdered only a few hours before he was to appear in the home of District Attorney Whitman and give further statements in an effort to substantiate the police grafting charges. In his statement he said Becker, a police lieutenant, was a partner in his gambling house.

Within three hours after the murder detective visited a garage on Washington Square, known to the police as the headquarters of the taxicab robbers who recently robbed bank messengers of \$25,000 in the financial district.

There they captured a man describing himself as Louis Lippy, whom they arrested on the charge of homicide. The police also recovered an automobile which they say was the one that figured in the murder.

The efforts of the police to run down the five men resulted in the arrest of three persons. The identity of only one of them, Libby, as a member of the party who did the shooting has been established to the satisfaction of the police. Libby was arraigned before the coroner and charged with the murder, but refused to make a statement.

One of the other two prisoners is a man whom the police call "John Doe," because of his refusal to tell his name or give any information, although, according to the police, he was in the hotel at the time. The other prisoner was William S. Shapiro, said to be a partner of Libby, and who was arrested at the garage where the automobile was found.

Although evidence as to the motive of the shooting as thus far learned seems to show that Rosenthal had

been slain by the police, the theory was brought forward that Rosenthal had really been the victim of the so-called "gambling fraternity," which took the opportunity afforded by Rosenthal's activity against the police to seek revenge for his "squealing" on them. It has been learned that knowledge that Rosenthal was to "get his" was current among frequenters of various Tenderloin resorts and a subject of common discussion some time before the shooting took place.

James Dougherty, the deputy police commissioner, asserted that witnesses of the murder of Rosenthal identified Libby as one of the five who drove up in front of the hotel, called the gambler from the dining room to the sidewalk, shot him down and then fled in the motor car.

Mrs. Sadie Rosenthal, widow of the gambler, in a statement to the district attorney, put the assassination of her husband squarely up to the police. She said she warned her husband that if he kept the appointment with District Attorney Whitman he would come to a violent end. She said she had a premonition a tragedy would follow such a conference, and she named a police official as one of the men who was to be present.

Mrs. Rosenthal was driven almost frantic when a messenger told her that her husband had been slain.

"This is the police again," she explained. "It is just what I expected. I stayed up fearing that Herman would not get back safe."

Rosenthal, as the proprietor of a gambling house, several days ago applied for warrants for two leading members of the police department, charging oppression. He made an affidavit declaring that a Lieutenant Becker, of the police department, was a silent partner in his gambling establishment in Forty-fifth street.

He declared that, after a quarrel with Becker, the police officials had caused the permanent stationing of a police officer before the gambling house, in the rear of which was his home. His efforts to have the police man ousted were unavailing. The filing of the affidavits caused the promise of a thorough investigation of the police department by District Attorney Whitman.

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## CORNS AND WARTS REMOVED

By Painless Remedy

Every kind of corns that other remedies fail to cure (that's a good many) yield quickly to Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Used forty years in many lands. Largest sale in the world. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Name tells its story. It removes corns and does it painlessly. Put it on at night, your feet are better next morning. Others may fail but not Putnam's Corn Extractor. 25c per bottle, at all druggists and People's Drug Store.

WANTED: rabbits weighing 3 1/2 pounds and over. Will pay 75 cents a pair. 35 cents a pair for white pigeons. C. B. Tate.

FLYNETS: all kinds of flynets reduced. Adams County Hardware Co.

## Historic Blackguards

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World)

Jack Sheppard, the "Dime Novel" Boy



A coach was halted on a Hounslow Heath, England, one moonlit night by a masked robber. As the highwayman rode up to the scared driver, with leveled pistol, a girl leaned out of the coach window and demanded to know what he wanted. With a sweeping bow the thief answered:

"Only the honor of dancing one measure with your fair self."

Helping her gracefully from the coach, he proceeded to go through a stately dance with her, then and there in the dust of the road. After which he handed her back into the coach, bowed low again, sprang to the saddle and galloped away, having stolen nothing except five minutes of a pretty girl's time.

The highwayman was Jack Sheppard. And the odd adventure set every one in England to talking about him. Which was just what his vanity-crazed brain wished. (Dick Turpin, Claude Duval and other scoundrels of the road are said to have done the same thing—from the same motive.)

Jack Sheppard's adventures have formed the plots of dozens of dime novels. He is also the hero of at least one famous book and play. Boys in olden times, reading a garbled tale of his exploits, were wild to become highwaymen. As a matter of fact, Jack Sheppard was merely a low-born, reckless pickpocket and hold-up man, with a twisted, depraved nature and a degenerate brain. The accompanying illustration (reproduced from a genuine portrait) shows he was not the handsome daredevil that the dime novelists have made him. His homely face is not unlike that of a criminal idiot.

Sheppard was only twenty-two when he was hanged. He was born in London in 1702 and was brought up in a poorhouse. When he was old enough to work he was apprenticed to a carpenter. Then it was that he learned much about locks and bolts and the best way to cut through walls. That seems to have been all he mastered of the carpenter trade. But it was enough for his purposes.

He deserted his master and began to pick up a living by petty theft. Being mentally deficient, he found this an easier way to get on than by working. He was soon caught and brought before a magistrate as a "runaway apprentice." He was released and at once entered on a career of wholesale robbery. He afterward confessed that he stole from every one he could.

This sort of thing brought him a certain notoriety, but not enough. He was a very ordinary, cheap kind of burglar. So he took to eccentric feats to get himself talked about. The dance in the road was but one of several such antics. He used to dispose of his plunder through one Jonathan Wild, who was not only a receiver of stolen goods but a sort of thief-catcher as well. When Wild had gotten all the money possible out of a crook he would turn the fellow over to justice. Thus he made an excellent living in both ways.

Sheppard quarreled with Wild, who thereupon set the officers of the law upon him. Jack was arrested, brought to trial and condemned to be hanged. He was locked into one of the strongest cells in Newgate prison. For already he had a reputation as a clever jail-breaker. He was handcuffed and was chained to the cell floor. Yet he got away. Here is the story (probably exaggerated by the writers of that day) of his escape:

He freed himself of his chains, burst into the thick, ill-made wall with such instruments as he could find at hand, wriggled through the gap he made in the masonry and reached an inner yard. There he climbed a chimney and made his way into a corridor. He forced or picked the locks of six doors and came out at last upon the prison roof. Finding he could not get to the street from such a height, he went back to his cell, snatched up his blankets, tore and twisted them into a rope, returned to the roof and let himself down to safety.

Two weeks later, while he was drunk, he was recaptured. Twice he escaped, but was too vain and stupid to keep his freedom. Through drunkenness or vanity he always made some blunder that led to his recapture. He was hanged on Nov. 16, 1724. A mob of 200,000 people—from duchesses to ragpickers—turned out to see him die.

When one separates the truth from the masses of silly legends the wonderful Jack Sheppard appears to have been a dull, vicious semi-idiot, whose only cleverness was a real genius for jail-breaking. Even among the desperadoes of his time he cut a very poor figure.

## ALARMING.

"There is something meretricious in the matter with Miss Maude."

"Lordy day! Is it ketchin'?"

</

HUBERT LATHAM.

Aviator Who Was Killed by Wild Buffalo in Africa.



## LATHAM KILLED BY WILD BUFFALO

Famous Aviator Gored to Death While Hunting.

Paris, July 17.—Hubert Latham, the famous Anglo-French aviator, and one of the pioneers of heavier than air aviation, was killed by a wild buffalo while hunting in the French Soudan. The fatality occurred on June 7.

Latham's death occurred in the Chari river, near Bahir Es Salamat, practically in the center of the French Soudan and in the direction of Lake Chad.

According to the governor general of French Equatorial Africa, Martial Henri Merlin, in telegraphing the news to the minister of the colonies, Latham was out with a number of natives in the forest, when he shot and wounded a buffalo. The animal immediately charged him, and before he could escape gored and trampled him to death.

Latham was the first man to fly over a big city in a heavier than air machine. This feat he performed in Baltimore in October, 1910. He flew from the aviation grounds about fifteen miles outside of Baltimore, over the entire city and harbor, circling the Washington monument and performing stunts 1500 feet in the air over the business section.

### TO ASK STEEL DISSOLUTION

Stanley Committee Virtually Decides on This in Trust Report.

Washington, July 17.—Members of the house Stanley steel trust investigating committee practically agreed to recommend the dissolution of the United States Steel corporation in their report and endorse the government suit against it.

The full committee will meet on Thursday to determine upon the majority report. Plans of the minority will by that time be definitely outlined.

Republican members will meet and prepare to submit their purposes to the full committee. The majority report prepared by the chairman, Representative Stanley, has been approved by all the Democratic members except Representative Littleton, who is in New York.

### STEEL FIRM RAISES WAGES

About 6000 Men Get Advance, Said to Be 10 Per Cent.

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 17.—Announcement of an increase in wages, effective to all labor paid by the hour, was made by the Jones & Laughlin Steel company.

About 6000 men are affected. Although no figures are given it is understood that the increase amounts to 10 per cent.

### HARRISBURG PLANT GRANTS INCREASE.

Harrisburg, Pa., July 17.—The Pennsylvania Steel company has ended the dissatisfaction over laborers' wages, which has caused some strikes in departments, by granting an increase of two cents an hour. About 800 men are affected.

Six Reported Dead in Mine Explosion.

Richmond, Va., July 17.—Six persons are reported killed and several hundred injured in an explosion at the Gayton coal mines, fifteen miles from Richmond.

### WEATHER EVERYWHERE.

Observations of United States weather bureaus taken at 8 p.m. yesterday follow:

Temp. Weather.  
Albany..... 68 Clear.  
Atlantic City... 72 Cloudy.  
Boston..... 72 P. Cloudy.  
Buffalo..... 68 Clear.  
Chicago..... 62 Clear.  
New Orleans... 82 Cloudy.  
New York.... 83 Cloudy.  
Philadelphia.... 84 Cloudy.  
St. Louis..... 80 Cloudy.  
Washington.... 82 Cloudy.

Weather Forecast.  
Fair today and tomorrow; variable winds.

## SENATE RAPSTAFF ON LORIMER CASE

Adopts a Resolution Condemning President.

### BAILEY'S BITTER SPEECH

Calls Him Meddlesome and Declares Invasion of Senate's Rights More Serious Than Allegations Against Johnson.

Washington, July 17.—The senate adopted, by a vote of 35 to 23, the resolution introduced by Senator Bailey declaring that any attempted interference in senatorial contests by the president was a "violation of the spirit if not the letter of the constitution and ought to be condemned."

The adoption of the resolution was in effect a rebuke to President Taft for his attitude in seeking to have Senator Lorimer ousted from the senate. The action came after a bitter speech by Mr. Bailey, in which he characterized the president's efforts against Lorimer as "efficious and meddlesome."

"Is it fair to try a man of his good name—of what is dearer than his name, on such evidence as I could get at?" demanded Senator Bailey, quoting a letter of the president. He went on to quote Mr. Taft's statement that he had been urging senators to read the record carefully.

"Has the senate reached such a state of degradation," he cried, "that the president must summon senators to the White House to urge them to discharge their duty under their oath of office?"

Bailey denounced particularly the clause in the president's letter suggesting to Colonel Roosevelt that he withhold his Outlook article on Lorimer lest such senators as Bailey might term it outside interference.

"I once proved that he slandered me," said Bailey, of Roosevelt, "and when I denounced him as I now intend to denounce the present president, the country held up its hands in horror. None held them higher than the present president, but I have lived long enough to see him ransack the records of the war department to convict Colonel Roosevelt of a guilty falsehood, and he seems to have succeeded."

"When the president penned that infamous slander of me in this letter, no one knew it better than the president of the United States himself."

"Andrew Johnson was impeached," Senator Bailey said, "upon allegations, which, if true, were less serious invasions of the rights of congress than this letter proclaims the president of the United States to be guilty of. But that is not all. He has doubtless sent other and worse ones. I have his word for it that he has sent others and am justified in saying 'worse' by his not making them public."

"I charge and I defy any senator to deny it, that in some of his other letters the president did reflect upon Republican senators; perhaps not upon their integrity, but at least upon their strength of character." He referred to the president's statement that he feared the case was going by default on the summary report of the committee and said:

"This is simply a question of whether the senate will defend its own honor and dignity, whether the senate is ready to submit to these imputations upon its integrity."

Senator Borah rose to reply and said:

"I learned that Colonel Roosevelt was to write that article for the Outlook. I did not think that such would be wise nor proper. I went to the president and discussed the matter with him. I told him that this was a matter which ought to be left to the senators to decide. I have no doubt that it was upon the strength of that the president wrote to Colonel Roosevelt."

"I cannot repeat what was said there, but I can assure the senate that the president meant no reflection on Senator Bailey in speaking about his determination to keep Lorimer off the case."

Senator Bailey said in view of that assurance he would withdraw from the record all reference to that point.

### HOUSE PASSES COTTON BILL

Measure Against "Futures" Adopted After Bitter Fight.

Washington, July 17.—The house passed the Bill bill, 95 to 25, prohibiting dealing in cotton futures, after a bitter fight, led by Representative Fitzgerald, of New York.

He declared that the bill not only was unconstitutional, but would work severe hardship on producers and consumers of cotton.

\$10 In Stamps For Conscience Fund.

Washington, July 17.—A unique conscience contribution has been received by the treasury department from a citizen of St. Louis, who sent ten \$1 postage stamps in restitution for some fraudulent act or oversight.

Twenty Bathers Drowned at Cologne.

Cologne, Germany, July 17.—No fewer than twenty persons have been drowned during the past two days in the Rhine below this city while bathing. Their deaths are attributed to the extreme heat.

R. H. Bushman  
Warehouse Company  
Aspers, Pa.  
FLOUR, FEED and GENERAL MERCHANDISE.  
Bell Phone  
Mt. Holly Exchange  
United Phone  
Biglerville Exchange

### BASE BALL SCORES.

Following is the Result of Games Played Yesterday.

#### AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At New York—St. Louis, 5; New York, 3 (1st game). Batteries—Baumgardner, Kritchell, Stephens; Warhop, Sweeney.

St. Louis, 3; New York, 1 (2d game). Batteries—Hamilton, Stephens; Davis, Steen, Gregg, Livingston.

At Boston—Boston, 7; Detroit, 2. Batteries—Collins, Carrigan; Moran, Onslow, Stanage.

At Washington—Washington, 7; Chicago, 2. Batteries—Johnon, Ainsmith; Peter, Benz, Bell, Lange, Kuhn.

Standing of the Clubs.

W. L. PC. W. L. PC.

Boston... 57 26 687 Cleveland 42 43 494

Washington 51 33 607 Detroit... 49 43 485

Athletics 47 35 573 St. Louis 24 59 304

Chicago... 44 36 556 N.York... 22 53 284

#### NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Chicago—Chicago, 3; New York, 1. Batteries—Lavender, Archer; Tereau, Meyers.

At Cincinnati—Philadelphia, 5; Cincinnati, 1. Batteries—Alexander, Douglass, Suggs, Davis, McLean.

At Pittsburgh—Pittsburgh, 5; Brooklyn, 4. Batteries—Cole, Robinson, Simon, Yingling, Rucker, Miller.

St. Louis—Boston, not scheduled.

Standing of the Clubs.

W. L. PC. W. L. PC.

Trenton... 42 25 627 Atlanta... 31 31 506

Harrisburg... 41 26 612 Reading... 42 25 348

Allentown... 33 29 547 York... 26 49 393

Wilming... 34 33 508 Johnstn... 23 43 343

#### TRI-STATE LEAGUE.

At Wilmington—Wilmington, 7; Johnstown, 1 (1st game). Batteries—Taylor, Kerr; Topham, Ketter.

At Allentown—Allentown, 3; York 1 (1st game). Batteries—Kutz, Philbin; Hope, Raub.

At Allentown—York, 1 (2d game). Batteries—Horsey, Monroe; Russell, Raub.

At Trenton—Trenton, 6; Reading, 5. Batteries—Oldham, Mitchell; Roth, Therre.

At Atlantic City—Harrisburg, 5; Atlantic City, 1. Batteries—Miller, O'Connor; Covaleski, Frost.

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Wilming... 34 33 508 Johnstn... 23 43 343

#### HERBERT KNOX SMITH RESIGNS HIS POST

### Commissioner of Corporations Joins Third Party.

Washington, July 17.—Herbert Knox Smith resigned as commissioner of corporations. For several days his name has been linked in gossip with the new party movement under Colonel Roosevelt.

Mr. Smith announced to the president that he intended to support the progressive movement and the new progressive party." Including "the principles I have earnestly tried to further, so far as I could, during my term of federal service."

Luther Conant, Jr., of Massachusetts, deputy commissioner of corporations, probably will succeed him.

"I charge and I defy any senator to deny it, that in some of his other letters the president did reflect upon Republican senators; perhaps not upon their integrity, but at least upon their strength of character." He referred to the president's statement that he feared the case was going by default on the summary report of the committee and said:

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HOW TO HAVE AIRY KITCHEN

Problem Is a Simple One and This Solution Will Appeal to Housekeeper.

We have solved the problem of how to have an airy kitchen in summer in this way. Remove both sashes and tack wire netting from top to bottom outside of window space so the blinds may be closed over it or windows put in in case of stormy weather. (Wire netting may be found in various widths at a good hardware store.) The circulation of air thus afforded through the top of the room gives great relief to the head of one obliged to spend much time near the cook stove. Remove shades entirely or roll to the top of windows. If the sink or work-table be placed where the morning or evening sun shines in the eyes of the worker, blinds or curtain should be adjusted for the time to keep out the sun. Then at night by leaving the outside doors open and hooking screens the kitchen will be cool by morning.—Harper's Bazaar.

"Do you know, madam, that I sat down here to read my newspaper?"

"Yes, I know. But I'm thinking. Anyway, I didn't ask you to answer. You don't have to answer if you don't want to. You see, I don't believe in darning and mending as much as my mother did. We don't have to. Times are different and things don't have to last so long; but girls should be taught to take care of things to a reasonable extent."

The man laid down his newspaper. "I'm surprised at you," he said.

"Why?"

"Don't you know that the majority of people are abnormal?"

"I really never thought about that. Maybe you're right. People are kind of crazy nowadays, I believe. It's very unattractive to dress warm and comfortable when the weather's cold, and women surely are crazy about their hats and shoes—from their heads to their feet."

"Tell you it's a fact," said the doctor. "I'm not joking. Don't I see it in my business every day?"

"I suppose you do. Doctors ought to understand people, if anybody does. But if we think most people are abnormal, what are we?"

"Don't know."

"I think we're normal."

"Maybe."

"Then if everybody else is abnormal and we are the only ones who are normal, I suppose all the others think we're crazy."

"Maybe we are."

"Well," said the doctor's wife, slowly, after thinking it over, "you may be, but I know I'm not."—Chicago Daily News.

Young America.

"You may be president some day, my boy," said the patronizing old gentleman.

"Great Scott!" replied the sadly flippant youth; "you're not trying to pick dark horses that far ahead, are you?"

Twenty Bathers Drowned at Cologne.

Cologne, Germany, July 17.—No fewer than twenty persons have been drowned during the past two days in the Rhine below this city while bathing. Their deaths are attributed to the extreme heat.

FOR SALE

A 1400 lb. Clydesdale brood mare for sale, light bay with white face, sound, and no better leader, fearless of anything a fine family mare and no better truck horse, has good action, 8 years old has had 3 fine colts.

D. M. HOFFMAN

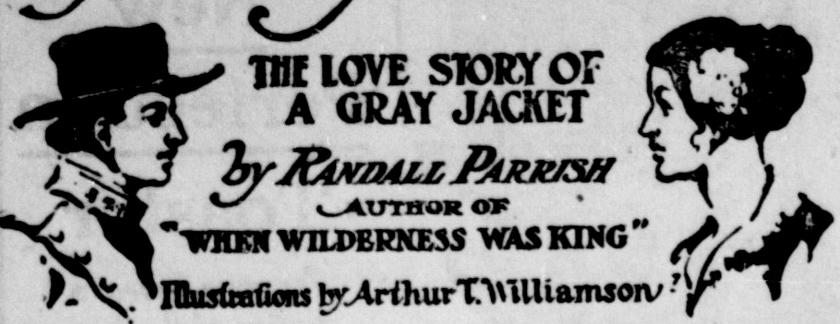
United Phone No. 33. 1 mile north of Brysonia.

ICE CREAM freezers and water coolers at moderate low prices. Adams County Hardware Co.

Chicken Pates.

&lt;p

# My Lady of the North



THE LOVE STORY OF  
A GRAY JACKET  
By RANDALL PARRISH  
AUTHOR OF  
WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING  
Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

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"You have been completely exonerated, and then we crept, one at a time, into the front apartment, hugging the floor closely to keep beneath the range of the bullets which swept every now and then through the broken windows, and chugged into the wall behind us. I was the last to wriggle through the narrow opening, and rolling instantly out of the tiny bar of light, I lay silent for a moment, endeavoring to get my bearings. I was determined upon just one thing—to obtain speech with the women, learn, if possible, their exact situation, and, if found it necessary, insist upon their better protection. An insane jealousy of me should not continue to expose them to unnecessary peril."

Brennan was directly across the room from where I lay. I could hear his voice issuing low, stern orders. "If you'll only keep down you're safe enough," he said gruffly. "There hasn't a shot come within a foot of the sill. The ground slopes out yonder, and those fellows can't fire low. Put the new men at the central window, and let them shoot at every flash they see. Bradley will pass back their empty guns."

I wondered how long our supply of ammunition would hold out with such a fusillade kept up, but ventured upon no protest, for I was already groping my way through the darkness along the inner wall. Furniture lay overturned in every direction, and I experienced considerable difficulty in making progress through the debris without attracting attention. A great square piano stood directly across the entrance to the back parlor, left by the drawing nearly together of the sliding doors. I waited until Bradley had crawled through with an armful of loaded guns, and then entered also, creeping silently between the piano legs. As I did so a bullet struck the case above, and the whole instrument trembled to the impact, giving forth a strange moan, as if in pain.

Some one was groaning in the corner at my left, and supposing the wounded to be lying there, I turned more toward the right, keeping as close as possible to the wall, hopeful I might come in contact with one of the women. I do not honestly know why I did this—really I had no excuse, except my natural distrust of Brennan, coupled with an eager desire to be of service to the woman of my heart. There was little to guide me in the search, as the flame of the discharging rifles did not penetrate here. Once I heard the rustle of a skirt, while a faint sound of whispering reached me from the rear of the room. Then my hand, groping blindly along the wall, touched the lower fold of a dress. It felt like coarse calico to my fingers.

"Mrs. Bungay," I whispered cautiously, "is this you?"

The woman started at sound of my voice, but replied in the same low tone: "That's my name; who thought ye be?"

"A friend of yours, and of your husband," I answered, for I doubted if she would recall my name. "Did you know Jed was here?"

"My man? Hiven be praised! But I'll knock her head off her little devil if ever I git my hand on him, I will that. Whar's ther little imp bin all ther time?"

"Hunting for you, and crying his eyes out," I answered, smiling to myself in the darkness. "Where is Mrs. Brennan?"

"Just beyond me, thar in ther corner."

As she spoke a bullet whizzed past us, having missed the obstruction of the piano. I could feel the wind stirred by its passage, while its peculiar hum told me it was a Mine ball.

"You are too far out from the wall," I protested. "You are in range."

"Can't help it if I be. I'm yere ter take ther guns from ther sojer, an pass 'em back."

I crept slowly along beyond her, keeping close to the wall, but had progressed hardly more than a couple of yards, when I felt a hand lightly touch me.

"I recognize your voice," said a soft whisper, "and am so glad you are here."

Who can guess the motives that inspire a woman? This was my welcome, where I had anticipated coldness and repellent pride.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Conversation in the Dark.

In my extreme surprise at the intimate cordiality expressed by her words and manner I failed in utterance. Anticipating coldness, indifference, possibly even resentment at my presuming to approach her, I was instead greeted by an unshaded warmth of welcome that made my heart beat faster.

"Surely I am not mistaken," she questioned, rendered doubtful by my silence. "Is not this Captain Wayne?"

"There is no mistake," I hastened to assure her, "but I had anticipated from our last meeting a far less cordial greeting."

"Oh," she exclaimed, with a light laugh, "and is that all? Yet surely, if I was to believe my own eyes I was perfectly justified in my actions then. However, Captain, I have been forced to realize the truth of that situation, and am now disposed to make up to you in kindness for all my unjust suspicions."

"I am more than delighted to learn that cloud is no longer to overshadow us. Miss Minor has made a full explanation, then?"

feeling: "No friend stands higher in my esteem than you—now please go, Captain Wayne."

As I crept back through the darkness, passing beneath the piano into the front room, which was filled with the choking fumes of powder, my mind was a chaos of emotions impossible to analyze. The very depth of love which drew me to her operated now in restraint. God alone knows the struggle in the darkness as I continued to move slowly away from her and toward the door. So deep was my agitation, so intense my thought, that I scarcely realized I was creeping along barely beneath the dead line of those bullets which constantly swept the apartment. Their crashing into the wall was almost meaningless, and I barely noted either the dense smoke or the fitful flashes of flame as the little garrison returned shot for shot. It was Brennan's voice—how hateful it sounded then—which recalled my attention.

"Mapes," he said, with the sharp tone of wearied command, "take a crack at that fellow over yonder by the big tree; he must be in range."

"Please pass this to Maria," she said calmly, "and hand me back the one she has."

"You are loading, then?" I asked, as I complied with her request.

"We have all been busy. Isn't it terrible? I was so frightened at first, but now they tell me that you and your men have come, there is no longer danger of those horrible creatures getting in here."

"You knew, then, that I was in the house?"

"I was told some noble Confederates had accompanied Lieutenant Caton back to aid us, but your name was not mentioned."

"Then my appearance must have proven a complete surprise?"

"Yes, and no," she answered frankly. "I was not sure it was you, of course, and I did not venture to ask, but I knew you were in the neighborhood, and that such an act would be in a way characteristic. I was certain you would come if you knew, and I, well really, I hoped it was."

In spite of a slight effort at restraint I groped in the darkness until I touched her hand. For the moment she permitted me to retain it, as if unconsciously, within my grasp.

"Why?" I questioned, scarcely relying upon my own voice.

"Oh, one always trusts friends more readily than strangers, and I have seen you in danger before, and possess such confidence in your courage and resource."

"But Miss Minor took particular care to inform me you felt little or no interest in me—that you never even spoke of me except as she compelled you to do so."

For a moment she did not answer.

"How constant the firing continues," she said at last, as I sat struggling dumbly with temptation.

"A mere waste of powder, I fear," was my reply, given thoughtlessly.

"When the rush finally comes we are likely to be without sufficient ammunition to repel it. I hardly expect those fellows out there will ever leave without a determined effort to carry the house by storm. I have no doubt they are simply drawing all this fire in the hope that our ammunition will thus be uselessly expended. It is an old army trick, and one I am surprised to see so experienced an officer as Major Brennan yield to. In my judgment they will make an effort to rush us as soon as there is sufficient light."

"But why not warn him?"

"Major Brennan would scarcely welcome any interference on my part."

"But surely, as a soldier, he must value the advice of another soldier?"

"Possibly you forget," I explained, striving to speak as lightly of it as might be, "that there is a lack of friendship between Major Brennan and myself."

"Still?" she asked. "Truly I thought that might all be over. Even if it survived until now, this noble act of yours in coming to our defense should have earned you his gratitude. He—he has never once mentioned your name to me since that night."

"Not even when I came here with my troop, I believe?"

"No; yet I did not connect that fact with the other. I supposed it a mere oversight, or that he believed the mention of your name would not greatly interest me. Surely, Captain Wayne, you are not keeping open this unhappy wound?"

"On my word, no; but I regret to confess it is very far from being closed."

"He—Major Brennan does not know, then, that you are here now with me?"

She evidently hesitated to ask this question.

"Certainly not," in surprise at her apparent innocence. "You cannot have supposed I had been sent here by him to talk with you?"

"I—I did not know. I do not think I realized," she stammered, vainly seeking for words with which to make clear her bewilderment. "I imagined you might have come at his suggestion to see that we were amply protected. This is all so very strange. He does not even know you are here with us?"

"No" I admitted reluctantly. "Perhaps I have no excuse even for being here at all. My duty as a soldier is certainly elsewhere, but I could not rest content until I knew you were in a position of safety. Believe me, Mrs. Brennan, I have intended no indiscretion, but I was informed by a soldier that you were being held here under fire."

"No" I admitted reluctantly. "Perhaps I have no excuse even for being here at all. My duty as a soldier is certainly elsewhere, but I could not rest content until I knew you were in a position of safety. Believe me, Mrs. Brennan, I have intended no indiscretion, but I was informed by a soldier that you were being held here under fire."

"There's men out there, sure, plenty of 'em," he reported slowly. "It looks to me mighty like the end of a line of battle, right there by that big magnolia tree. Anyhow, there must be all of twenty fellows lying close together between there and where the corner of the house shuts off my view. I don't see none this side anywhere, unless it's a shooter or two hiding along the fence where the vines are thick."

"That's it, my lad," I exclaimed, heartily, getting upon my feet as I spoke. "We can stand up now, there's no danger here, but there will be music for all of us presently. Those fellows are getting ready to charge us front and rear."

"At once, Mrs. Brennan." I returned.

"I have done wrong in ever coming here as I have."

"I am more than delighted to learn that cloud is no longer to overshadow us. Miss Minor has made a full explanation, then?"

She paused a moment, then added quickly, as though in sudden rush of

desire some shooting. The rest come with me."

I led them forth into the wide hallway, which extended the full length of the house, with a broad flight of stairs just forward of the center, gradually curving and leading to the second story. The suspended light was yet burning as we came out, but flickered wildly as if in a strong draught of air, and I noticed that the constant rain of bullets during the night had splintered an upper panel of the door. Halfway down the broad hallway, and partially obscured by the turn of the stairs, a door stood slightly ajar upon the right hand. Conjecturing this might be where the defenders of the eastern exposure were lying, I peered within. The blinds were tightly drawn and I was able to perceive little of its interior, excepting that the walls were lined with books.

"Ebers," I called, thinking he must be there, "are you in charge here?"

"I vos, captain," came the instant reply, and he at once emerged from the darkness.

"Have the enemy kept you busy?"

"Der vos some shooting, und Hadley he got hurt bad, but der fellers is all gone."

"Bring your men fit for duty out here in the hall, and have them join my party. How many have you?"

"Der is four, captain."

He drew back, and as he disappeared some one came hastening toward us along the hallway from the rear.

"What is it, Caton?" I asked anxiously, as I recognized him.

"They are forming to rush me, I think," he answered. "I need a few more men if I can get them."

"They are preparing to assault front and rear at the same time," I answered.

"They are massing now, and in my judgment Brennan will have to face the brunt of it. The front of this house is greatly exposed, and will prove extremely difficult to defend if they come against it with any force. How many men do you absolutely require to hold your position? Remember, the women are all in the front part of the house, and we must protect them at all hazards; come with me. There are times when a higher law than that of military despotism should control our actions. I am going there, orders or no orders. Ebers can command your detachment and accomplish all the service you possibly could. Your rightful place is between these ruffians and the woman you love. How many additional men will be required to make the back of the house secure?"

"I feel like a new man, Wayne," he said thankfully, "and I know you are right. Four more would be sufficient, besides the one in command."

"Good! Ebers," I said, as my portly sergeant again emerged from out the darkness, "take your four men back to the kitchen and assume command. The guerrillas are preparing to make a rush there, and you must drive them back by a rapid fire. Hurry along now."

"Rush them!" I muttered into Brennan's ear. "Hurl them back a bit, and dodge under into the next room."

I never waited to ascertain if he heard me. With one fierce spring I struck their stunned line, and my iron bar swept a clear space as it crashed remorselessly into them. The next instant Lowrie and I were seemingly alone and fronting each other. A wild cat enraged by pain looks as he did when he leaped to meet me. Hate, deadly, relentless, glared in his eyes, and with a yell of exultation he swung up his long rifle and struck savagely at my head with the stock. I caught it partially on my barrel, breaking its full force, and even as it descended upon my shoulder, jabbed the muzzle hard into his leering face. With a snarl of pain he dropped his gun and grappled with me, but as his fingers closed about my throat, something swirled down through the maze, and the maddened brute staggered back, his arms uplifted, his red hair cloven in twain.

"Now for it, Wayne!" shouted Brennan. "Back with you!"

With a dive I went under the piano. I heard the sliding doors shut behind us, and almost with the sound was again upon my feet.

"To the stairs!" I panted. "Brennan, take the women to the stairs; those fellows are not in the hallway yet, and we can hold them there a while."

In the dull gray, chilling dawn revealed a room in utmost disorder, the windows shattered, the blinds cut and splintered, the walls scarred with stains of blood, the furniture overturned and broken. A dead soldier in gray uniform lay in the center of the floor, his life-blood a dark stain upon the rich carpet; a man with coat off, and blue shirt ripped wide open, was leaning against the further wall valiantly endeavoring to staunch a wound in his chest. Brennan was upon one knee near the central window, a smoking gun in his hand, a red welt showing ghastly across his cheek. All this I saw in a single glance, and then, with the leap of a panther I was beside him, gazing out into the morning mist, and firing as fast as I could handle my gun.

Through the shifting smoke clouds we could see them advancing on a run—an ugly, motley line, part blue, part gray, part everything—yelling as they swept forward like a pack of infuriated wolves, their fierce faces scowling savagely behind the rifles.

It was half war, half riot—the reckless onslaught of outcasts bent on plunder, inspired by lust, yet guided by rude discipline.

I knew little of detail; faces were blurred, unrecognizable; all I seemed to note clearly was that solid, brutal, heartless, blasphemous line of desperation men sweeping toward us with a relentless fury our puny bullets could not check. Reckless ferocity was in that mad rush; they pressed on more like demons than human beings. I saw men fall; I saw the living stumble over the dead. I heard cries of agony, shouts, curses, but there was no pause.

Scour your eye close to the corner of the pane," I ordered hurriedly, "and see what you make out toward the front of the house."

"There's men out there, sure, plenty of 'em," he reported slowly. "It looks to me mighty like the end of a line of battle, right there by that big magnolia tree. Anyhow, there must be all of twenty fellows lying close together between there and where the corner of the house shuts off my view. I don't see none this side anywhere, unless it's a shooter or two hiding along the fence where the vines are thick."

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